

# JOHN E. BRENNAN



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# Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell

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Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two  
Lives Murphy's daughter Nell;  
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue,  
Indeed, she's quite a belle;  
She smiles on me whenever we meet,  
She has my heart and hand complete,  
And when work is done I start and run  
My Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell  
Waits for me after tea;  
She knows well, she dare not tell  
That she's engaged to me.  
But one of these days, when I get a raise,  
The boy that she loves so well  
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell  
Can never marry me;  
Says, she must wed a howling swell,  
That's rich and up in "G."  
But on his Nell I've got first call,  
She says it's me or none at all,  
And last night she said we will be wed  
Some time this fall.—Chorus.

# LET ME TAKE MY PLACE AT HOME AGAIN

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Words and Music by Chas. V. Long.

In a cozy little cottage sat a couple old and gray,  
A fire in the hearth was burning bright,  
There a letter they were reading from their son who went astray;  
He left them on one cold and wintry night;  
His companions, whom were evil, had him forge his father's name;  
The parent, in his anger, wished him dead;  
But the son had since repented, and this letter home had come,  
And to his wife these words the old man read:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again,  
Back among the dearest friends of all,  
Back to mother's dear caress, and your old age I will bless,  
Then let me take my place at home again.

Now the old man would not listen to the pleadings of his boy,  
The dear old mother's health soon gave away,  
For her heart was sadly pining for her son, her only joy,  
Who left them in both sorrow and dismay;  
One night as they were sitting by their cozy fireside,  
The son was brought in pale and ill from need,  
Then the father he forgave him, and with joy the mother cried,  
And now my lad no longer has to plead:—Chorus.

The following are the titles of six Popular Songs, namely:

**Denied a Home**  
**My Dad's the Engineer**  
**I Never Loved until I Met You**  
**Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell**  
**After Your Wand'ring, Come Home**  
**If They'd Only Write and Ask Me to Come Home**

The sheet music of these songs can be had at all Music Stores. Ask your Music Dealer for either one or all of these popular songs.

# You Are My Sweetheart

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Words by Harry S. Marion. Music by J. P. Mullen.

Two little sweethearts, coming from school one day—  
Shyly he told her, in a lovely way:  
"When I am older, I'll ask you to marry me;  
I'll watch o'er and guide you wherever you go, and no harm shall come to thee.

CHORUS.

"You are my sweetheart, I will love you ever;  
Whatever troubles you may have, we will share together.  
When I'm a man I will marry you, then we'll never part;  
There's nothing too good in this world for you, my own sweetheart."

Years have rolled onward, journeying on through life;  
These little sweethearts now are man and wife.  
Two little children, running around at play,  
Often remind him of school-boy days, when to his sweetheart he'd say:—Chorus.

# Better than Gold

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Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,  
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,  
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,  
Something that will help to pass the time away."  
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,  
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;  
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—  
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,  
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,  
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,  
Just to kiss her lips again,  
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,  
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,  
There is no wish in this world that can compare,  
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,  
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,  
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts,  
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.  
Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,  
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;  
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,  
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,  
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,  
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,  
Just enough to happy be,  
Just enough to know I'll never be poor again,  
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,  
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,  
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;  
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—  
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight  
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;  
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,  
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,  
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,  
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,  
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,  
Just to feel that I have something to adore,  
Just to be at home again,  
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,  
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;  
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,  
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

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# I WANT YER, MA HONEY

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Words and Music by Fay Templeton.

When de banjo's a-strummin' and de darkies a-hummin',  
Den I want yer, ma honey, yee, I do;  
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer dally, dressed so sweet and also gally,  
And my heart is forever true to you;  
I'm a-thinkin' ob yer dally, 'cos' I love yer mighty madly,  
And I don't know what to do;  
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,  
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yee, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yee, I want yer mighty madly;  
I'm a-loughin' for yer dally, 'cos' I love yer mighty madly;  
So come back to please me, don't try for to tease me,  
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yee, I want yer, want yer, want yer;  
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yee, I do.

When de stars am a-gleamin' and de birds am a-dreamin',  
Den I want yer, ma honey, yee, I do;  
For I love yer ev'ry minute, and nobody else is in it,  
And my heart is forever true to you;  
Den don't linger longer, 'cos' my love is growin' stronger,  
And I don't know what to do;  
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,  
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yee, I do.

REFRAIN.

I want yer, ma honey, yee, I want yer ev'ry minute;  
I'm a-loughin' ob yer dally, and nobody else is in it;  
So come back, my lady, my love and my baby,  
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yee, I want yer, want yer, want yer;  
'Cos' I want yer, ma honey, yee, I do.

# I Went to Paris WITH PAPA

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Words and Music by Leslie Stuart.

They say I am a giddy maid,  
Not half enough in manners staid;  
I really try to be discreet;  
I've just come back from school in France,  
The matron led me such a dance,  
Although my education was complete;  
So papa came for me,  
To take me home, you see.  
He was so proud of me, you know,  
He said, "To Paris we will go,  
And there we'll stay for a week,  
So that your French you may speak;  
And when you go home to mamma,  
You'll tell her what you've seen.

CHORUS.

I went to Paris with papa, to see what kind the Frenchmen are,  
Such funny ways they've got—Americans have not;  
You really should to Paris go; you learn so very much, you know;  
I saw a lot in Paris that they never taught in school.

And when we came back to mamma,  
She gave a ball, with great eclat  
She said, "My dear, I'll bring you out;  
Now show them what you've learned in France,  
How well you sing, how well you dance;  
And, mind you, show what manners you've been taught."  
So when the dance began,  
I to my partner ran,  
I kicked my toes up in the air,  
I'd seen them do it over there;  
My cigarette I drew,  
French ladies do that, too,  
And our young curate blushed so  
When I sat upon his knee.—Chorus.

# IF THEY'D ONLY WRITE AND ASK ME TO COME HOME

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

In a lonely little garret dwelt a once sweet village belle,  
The only place that she dare call a home;  
She had married 'gainst the wishes of the dear ones who loved her so well,  
And now 'midst strangers she was left alone.  
A youth from city grand had won her heart and hand—  
He'd pictured to her all so bright and gay;  
It was then the father told, "All that glitters, my child, is not gold."  
It soon came true, and she had cause to say:

CHORUS.

"If they'd only write and ask me to come home,  
I'd feel as though forgiveness they had shown,  
And my heart would cease its pain, I'd be happy once again—  
If they'd only write and ask me to come home."

In an humble little cottage sits a father bowed in grief,  
A mother, too, is weeping by his side;  
They have just received a letter, and it told them, in words cruel and brief,  
That her they loved with broken heart had died.  
Oh, had they only known that she was left alone,  
How gladly would they've called her back again.  
'Tis the story we all tell, "She had loved not wisely, but too well,"  
And not the only one we hear exclaim:—Chorus.

# I Love My Girl AND SHE LOVES ME

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Words and Music by Gilmore & Leonard.

My sweetheart is a dark-eyed girl, she lives right close to me,  
And ev'ry morning in the year her smiling face I see;  
The neighbors all love her, too, she has such a winning way,  
And when I come home from my work, I'm often heard to say:

CHORUS.

"I love my girl, and she loves me;  
We're just as happy together as we can be;  
We have a cozy, little home; we're married now, you see;  
For I love my little wife, boys, and she loves me."

Yes, we've been married quite a while, and very pleased to say  
That we are quite contented now, and never need the day;  
We've never had a quarrel yet, we haven't got any time,  
And when the rainy day comes 'round you'll find us not behind.—Chorus.

# THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY

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Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,  
And good folks to the old church came, the parson's prayers to hear;  
They little knew, while seated there, upon that blessed day,  
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.  
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,  
Would answer soon the call of death: his life was nearing end,  
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—  
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,  
The congregation sat in ecstacy;  
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing  
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;  
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls,  
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,  
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;  
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,  
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.  
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray  
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—Chorus.

# BE SURE TO GET THE POPULAR HURRY HOME MARCH

By GEORGE C. EDWARDS.

For Sale at all Music Stores.

# My Dad's the Engineer

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,  
As the train sped on in the night,  
'Till the flames from a burning forest  
Made the passengers wild with fright,  
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,  
"There's nothing to fear:  
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,  
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;  
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;  
'We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;  
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,  
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,  
And the brave little maid's father  
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;  
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,  
And the words of the calm, little dear,  
Will live in my mem'ry forever,  
"My Dad's the engineer."—Refrain.

# The Sunshine of Paradise Alley

(PARODY.)

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stamp Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 85 & 87 E. Madison St., Chicago.

There's a little aside street, that you cannot call sweet,  
Where the Board of Health often will rally;  
It's about a yard wide, and the law is defied—  
The police call it Paradise Alley.  
There's a girl living there, with cross eyes and red hair,  
And her front name, they tell me, is Sally;  
Every day on the street she sells Frankforters sweet,  
That's the sausage of Paradise Alley.

CHORUS.

Every Sunday, even in rain or snow,  
With her Frankfort pudding, 'long the street she'll go;  
All the boys then say, in a whisper low,  
There goes the sausage of Paradise Alley.

When O'Brien's little boy used that girl to annoy,  
They all thought that she would not go near him,  
But she caught him one day, broke his jaw right away,  
Just to show them that she didn't fear him.  
When the young man got well, to a friend he did tell  
How a red-headed girl they called Sally  
Had hit him with a bone that was harder than stone—  
'Twas a sausage of Paradise Alley.—Chorus.

How her hair it got red, by the neighbors 'tis said,  
That, at one time, 'twas black and unightly,  
And young Tommy Killeen said that once it was green,  
And then changed to that color so brightly;  
So we guess, by the by, that she uses hair dye,  
In a manner, like Mrs. McNally,  
And I now do proclaim that the color's the same  
As the sausage of Paradise Alley.—Chorus.

# My Girl's a "Corker"

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by John Queen.

Oh, talk about your sweethearts fair, and girls of high degree;  
Your Bow'ry pearls, and English girls from far across the sea;  
But I can't see where they come in, they never were in line,  
For up-to-date ideas, with this race-track girl of mine.

CHORUS.

My girl's a "corker!" she's a New Yorker;  
She plays the races, she gets the "dough";  
She loves me dearly, and so sincerely,  
Tell me how you found that out? She told me so!

At Sheepshead Bay, in summer time, she's simply "out of sight!"  
She bets her "stuff" like Pittsburgh Phil, and always gets them right.  
The "touts," they all take off their hats and stand right in a line,  
And look for information from this race-track girl of mine.—Chorus.

And when the racing season's o'er, she goes across the "pond";  
I've heard some tales that dear old Wales of her is very fond.  
In Paris, on the Boulevard, she never fails to shine;  
For every day is Sunday with this race-track girl of mine.—Chorus.

# When You Ask a Girl to Leave A HAPPY HOME

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At a kind old mother's side sat her eldest boy, her pride,  
Who would soon arrive at manhood's stage of life,  
When the lad began to tell of a girl he loved so well,  
And intended asking her to be his wife.  
On that loving mother's face care at once your eye could trace,  
Like the change of brightest sunlight into gloam.  
"Have you stopped to think," said she, "what your lot in life should be,  
Ere you ask a girl to leave a happy home?"

CHORUS.

When you ask a girl to leave a happy homestead,  
And to sail with you o'er matrimony's foam,  
You should have employment then, earn your way and living,  
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home.

When the kind old mother said, "Tell me, lad, if you were wed,  
How could you support a wife and dress her well?"  
Said the lad, "Why, we could live on the money you would give,  
And in one of father's houses we could dwell."  
"But the girl," the mother cried, "has a dignity and pride;  
To depend on us, from home would never roam;  
Though we'll help you all we can, we want you to act a man,  
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home."—Chorus.

# BEN BOLT

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Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?  
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown,  
Who blushed with delight if you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown?  
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and lone,  
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,  
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
That stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,  
And listened to Appleton's mill.  
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in,  
And a quiet that crawls 'round the wall as you gaze,  
Takes the place of the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,  
That stood in the pathless wood?  
And the button-ball tree, with its motley boughs,  
That nigh by the door-step stood?  
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
You would look for the tree in vain;  
And where once the lords of the forest stood,  
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
And the master so cruel and grim?  
And the shady nook in the running brook,  
Where the children went to swim?  
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,  
There are only you and I.

There's a change in the things I love, Ben Bolt;  
They have changed from the old to the new;  
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,  
There never was a change in you.  
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends, yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,  
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

# BE SURE TO GET THE POPULAR "HURRY HOME MARCH"

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# THERE'S NO PLACE Like the Old Home, After All

It is sweet in its simplicity and beauty, and destined to live forever side by side with the only other song of Home.

**THIS IS THE CHORUS. TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.**

Chorus.

It may not be a man-sion with ro-ses 'round the door, It

may not have a par-lor with car-pet on the floor, But when you're far a-way, in

sor-row you will say, "There's no place like the old home af-ter all.".....

D.C.

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# ARRAH, GO ON

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

I'm a decent young colleen just over from Ireland,  
And all of the boys seem to run after me;  
Sure, they think 'kase I'm Irish there's green in my optic,  
But, faith, there's no green in my eye, you can see.  
I know which from whether, and this from the other;  
I know their decavin', deludherin' way—  
And so, when they come wid their coaxin' and mashin',  
I only wink at them and to them I say:

CHORUS.

"Arrah, go on! you're simply tazin'  
'Pon my word, you're something awful!  
Lave me alone! you're mighty plazin'; Arrah! go 'way, go on;  
Go wid ye, go 'way; go wid ye, go 'way, go on!"

There's wan of them carries up bricks to the mortar,  
He tells me he has a fine gentleman's shop;  
For all he's got to do is to climb up the ladder,  
And the work is all done by the man at the top.  
He says it's himself and keep me like a lady;  
He's "wan-wan" a week, and he's overtime, too;  
He swears I can have his "wan-wan" if I'll marry,  
But I only laugh and then say, "Wir-ras-truel"—Chorus.

Another wan is a big lump of a policeman,  
He's not long from Ireland, his name is Mick Lynn;  
And he swears if he sees any others come mashin',  
Bedad and begorra! he'll run them all in.  
He's give me a watch—I can guess where he got it,  
For he's on night duty; he sees me by day.  
He swears to be true, a big oath on his truncheon,  
But I only ink at his feet and I say:—Chorus.

## THE MIDWAY IN THE MOON

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Words and Music by Gusie L. Davis.

Colored folks, have you heard the news that's been exciting every coon,  
There's going to be a jubilee, and it's going to gather 'round the moon;  
There's Venus, there's Saturn, there's Jupiter and Mars,  
There's a comet and an eclipse of the sun, the moon and stars;  
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,  
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.

CHORUS.

The midway in the moon, the midway in the moon,  
With the boola, boola, boola, boola, boola,  
Every coon will have a chance to do the hoochy, coochy dance,  
When we get up to the midway in the moon.

White folks all must bear in mind that, when the coons begin to dance,  
There'll be no choice or color then, for that day the nigs will have a chance;  
Let's whisper, let's whisper, now coons don't you be shy;  
Don't you hurry, don't you worry, for it's coming bye and bye;  
There's a new sensation now, one that's delighting every coon,  
For brother Jasper, he declares there's a midway in the moon.—Chorus.

## LOTTIE GILSON'S BIG HIT: DENNIE MURPHY'S DAUGHTER NELL

Can Be Had at All Music Stores. Ask for It.

# WHAT WILL YOU SAY, SWEET KITTY SHEA?

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

I now take my pen in hand, sweet Kitty Shea,  
To write you a letter from over the sea;  
I'm well and I hope this will find you the same—  
If my writing is bad, then my pen is to blame.  
I'm lonely, since I left the dear old green isle,  
For somebody's bright face and somebody's smile;  
And that is the reason I write to you now,  
To ask you a question, if you will allow.

CHORUS.

What will you say, sweet Kitty Shea,  
If I should ask you to marry some day?  
Will you say "Yes, dear," or will you say "Nay"—  
Oh, what will you say, sweet Kitty Shea?

If what I am writing should not reach you, dear,  
I hope that you always will think of me here,  
And tell your old father and mother for me,  
That I'll take care of them if my wife you'll be;  
Now my ink is red and so is the red rose,  
And my love is there where the dear shamrock grows;  
Now sugar is sweet and the violets are blue,  
And blue too I'll be till I hear, dear, from you.—Chorus.

## IN THE BARROOM

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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

I'm a celebrated workingman, me duty I never shrink;  
I can do more work than any man from Pittsburgh to New York;  
It's a perfect holy terror, boys, how I'll get through me work,  
Providing I can do it in a barroom.  
I'll hoist derricks with me shoulder, push freight cars with me breath,  
That will make the boss feel tickled, till he's on the edge of death,  
But, between us all, now whisper that I only have to sweat,  
When I'm doing manual labor in the barroom.

There are coppers without numbers, with their well-developed chests,  
Who make the most astounding of the whole police arrests;  
They'll pound the air with vengeance, then dilate their manly chests;  
If you'll only chase the liquor in a barroom.  
They will catch thieves without numbers, they'll be up to snuff, you see;  
They've caught a hundred murderers, including you and me,  
But you'll find out when you know them that they must have twenty-three  
Of the very largest schooners in the barroom.

There are actors who have acted in a hundred different roles,  
And some whose fame extend beyond those two confounded poles,  
But you'll find their acting qualities lie deep within their souls,  
And they draw their inspirations from a barroom.  
Their poses are heroic, and their methods are sublime;  
They give old Garrick cards and spades, their soul is full of rhyme,  
But when you come to solve them you will find that at the time  
They only do their John McCullough's in a barroom.

There's the politician robust, with his pre-election ways,  
Who works his fine influence on the blooming Fourth Ward jays,  
And for fourteen kegs of lager then his nobs he boldly pays,  
And he operates his canvass in the barroom;  
But when the election's o'er and the free beer is all gone,  
He'll wonder how the dence it was that his opponent won;  
He'll find out that I voted for the other son of a gun,  
And I often jollied heifers in the barroom.

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Is a Pathetic Song and Chorus that will  
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# THE HIT OF THE SEASON!

# DENIED A HOME

A DRAMATIC, DESCRIPTIVE SONG AND CHORUS

BY

HARRY S. MILLER,

Author of "A CRUEL HISS," etc.

TRY THIS CHORUS ON YOUR PIANO.

Chorus.

We had two chil - dren, two bright, lov - ing boys; They were our

*mf*

i - dols, our pride and our joys; The young-est, he left us, the wide world to

roam, The oth - er's a bank - er, de - nies us a home.

*rall.*

Denied a Home.

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# I Never Loved until I Met You

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

Here, at your feet, I pledge my devotion;  
I am your slave and you are my queen;  
'Tis new to me, this sacred emotion—  
I am yours only, sweet Adeline.  
Oft my heart pined for some one to cherish,  
Oft my soul sighed for solace serene;  
Until I saw you my life was lonely,  
Until I met you, sweet Adeline;  
Until I loved you, sweet Adeline.

REFRAIN.

I never loved until I met you;  
I never thought a heart could be so true;  
Nothing can come between my love and my heart's queen;  
I never loved until I met you, Adeline.

Joy fills my heart, for your eyes are beaming,  
Beaming with love on me, oh, my queen;  
Do not wake me if I am but dreaming,  
Dreaming of bliss with my Adeline;  
Cling to me close, love, life will be brighter;  
No saddened thought can e'er intervene;  
You are my idol, my heart is lighter.  
Now you are mine, my sweet Adeline.  
And I am thine, my sweet Adeline.—*Refrain.*

## THE BOWERY BALL

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Words and Music by Joseph P. Galton.

There's going to be a reception to-night, down at Michael Casey's hall;  
For months it has been all the talk of the east side, the annual Bowery Ball;  
Oh, all the fellows and girls in the gung for "certain sure" will be there,  
And all the big swells of Fifth Avenue at our costumes and style will stare.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll all be there at the Bowery Ball,  
No such high-toned affair e'er was held in Casey's Hall;  
The French masquerade, so famous and gay, won't be in the game at all  
With the sight that you'll see, between 12 and 3 to-night, at the Bow'ry Ball.  
You'll find that the music will be up to date, the selections will be fine;  
There'll be living pictures upon the big stage to begin at half-past nine;  
Then May McNulty will rise from the sea, as Venus so sweet and fair;  
Her dress will consist of a beautiful smile and a silver comb in her hair.—*Chorus.*  
At midnight comes supper, with plenty of beer, then we'll dance till half-past 4;  
After which there will be a delightful, big scrap, when the whole gang takes the  
And Frankie Hogan, the Bowery boy, will meet little Dan McCall; floor;  
There'll be music and lights and plenty of fights to-night at the Bow'ry Ball.—  
—*Chorus.*

## After Your Wandering, Come Home

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

A story's often told about a maiden, young and fair,  
Who through her love and pride had left her home;  
And for awhile her loving parents missed their lassie there,  
Not knowing where their wandering pet would roam;  
At last she sent a message from a town not far away,  
And there she got a letter from her Dad.  
"You can't be happy now," he said; "you will return some day,  
And make our hearts again feel light and glad."

REFRAIN.

"After your wandering, come home!"  
That's what she read in the letter;  
"Why did you leave us alone?"  
No one could love you better;  
Keep this in mind, little girl,  
No matter wherever you roam,  
There are hearts fond and true, that are waiting for you—  
After your wandering, come home!"

'Twas all because her father did not like the boy she loved;  
"Come home," he wrote, "and you can marry Jack;  
I know he loves our Bessie, and a worthy lad he's proved;  
He's only waiting till you come back."  
One morning, in the summer, she became a happy bride;  
The old man was not sorry, after all;  
Tho' Bessie went away awhile, 'twas all thro' love and pride,  
And often they the tender words recall.—*Refrain.*

# Fishing—For What?

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Words and Music by Joe J. Casey.

When two little boys go out for the day,  
And down by the brookside they're wending their way,  
And each little boy has a nice little stick  
You cannot call short or, by any means, thick,  
And each little boy has a hook and a line,  
Made out of a pin and a thin piece of twine;  
An old battered can and some worms in a pot,  
You can bet they're out fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

They are fishing for minnows in that little brook—  
Their bait is a worm at the end of a hook,  
With bright, eager face, the sport each one enjoys—  
They are fishing for minnows, those two little boys.

When two little girls go out for the day,  
And these little dears are commencing to talk  
Of the men with a sigh, and each maiden doth try  
To capture a man with a glance of her eye,  
And when the young men at those two maidens stare,  
Their eyelids they'll droop and then blush, I declare;  
It is when to this stage these young maidens have got,  
You can bet they're out fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

They are fishing for sweethearts each dear little Miss—  
Their bait is a sigh, then a wink or a kiss;  
They drop in their lines and then patiently wait,  
When along comes some Willie who swallows the bait.

When a man stays out late, till about three or four,  
And takes just a glass, or, perhaps, a few more,  
And keeps his dear wife waiting up half the night,  
You all must confess he's not doing what's right,  
And when he comes home quite expecting a row—  
He don't deserve anything else, you'll allow;  
She gives him a kiss—not one, but a lot—  
You can just bet she's fishing—but fishing for what?

CHORUS.

She is fishing for money to buy a new dress;  
Her bait is a smile and a tender caress;  
Man swallows the bait without giving a thought—  
When wives commence fishing then husbands are caught.

## WITH A WIFE And a Neat Little Home

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

"And so you want to work, young man?  
Well, that you can easily do;  
But you must do the best you can—  
I want a lad like you;  
I think you've left good friends, my lad;  
Now tell me the reason why?"  
With a cheerful smile, he paused awhile,  
And then made this reply:

CHORUS.

"I've a picture here, of a girl so dear,  
Through life I'll ne'er forget;  
For I know that she will be true to me—  
I bless the hour we met.  
I was wild, I know—she told me so,  
And advised me never to roam;  
Though I came away, I'll be happy some day  
With a wife and a neat little home."

The years passed by, he kept his word,  
And stuck to his post like a man;  
And fortune smiles upon him since  
To work he first began.  
One day in spring he went away,  
But said, "I'll be back again!"  
As he went along, he sang a song—  
It was the old refrain:—*Chorus.*

A month or so had passed away,  
He stood at the old merchant's door;  
"Vacation's o'er; I'm back to-day  
To take my place once more!"  
Then brought a lovely girl inside,  
"My wife, sir," said he—"my Janet!  
We've a cosy home that's all our own,"  
And then he sang again:—*Chorus.*

# JUST AS IT USED TO BE IN DAYS GONE BY.

Words and Music by CHARLES GRAHAM.

## CHORUS.

*Waltz tempo.*

Just as it used to be in days gone by,.....

Proud of him now is she, She won't tell why,.....

Kind - est of hus - bands he, No hap - pier wife than she,

Just as it used to be in days gone by.....

# THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Copyright, MDCCLXXV, by Henry J. Wehman.

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Words and Music by Will H. Friday, Jr.

I've lived within my present home a month, or maybe more;  
Contented with my folks I lived till then,  
But since I'm there, I met a Miss, none such I've met before,  
With charms just made to captivate the men.  
So graceful and so neat, so winsome and so sweet—

CHORUS.

She's the girl next door, the girl next door—  
Bewitching and so handsome is the girl next door.  
Now whenever I hear her name my heart bursts in a flame—  
I'm in love with the girl next door.

So very soon the wedding bells will ring in tones of joy,  
Two loving hearts will then be very glad;  
A happy youth will march beside a maiden sweet and coy,  
In bridal robes of white she will be clad,  
We'll wed and live in bliss, myself and this young Miss—*Chorus.*

# DIMES AND NICKELS

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Words and Music by Charles Fremont.

Katie was John's steady company,  
They were happy as lovers could be,  
Engaged to be married, the time was quite near,  
Their young hearts were beating with glee,  
But oft, between kisses, dear Katie would say:  
"We must look forward to our wedding day;  
This world is made up of sunshine and rain;  
And when John would laugh, she would sing this refrain:

CHORUS.

"Dimes and nickels, nickels and dimes;  
If we thought more of them, we'd hear of less crimes;  
Now, John, when we're married, in case of hard times,  
You save the nickels and I'll save the dimes."

At last they were married and settled,  
In a nice little place of their own,  
And a baby would call out for Papa, so sweet,  
In the evening when John would come home.  
When the Union declared the big strike at the mill,  
John went out, with his dear Katie's will—  
She says: "Do not fret: we laugh at hard times,  
For you've saved the nickels and I've saved the dimes."—*Chorus.*

# She May Have Seen Better Days

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Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,  
On a night that was bitter cold,  
I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud  
At something they chanced to behold:  
I stopped for to see what the object could be,  
And there, on a doorstep, lay  
A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,  
And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;  
She may have seen better days once upon a time;  
Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;  
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,  
Perhaps we'd not be so severe;  
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,  
Mayhap we would all shed a tear.  
She was once some one's joy, cast aside like a toy—  
Abandoned, forsaken, unknown.  
Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,  
For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay;  
For from her I was loath to depart;  
I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,  
That something was breaking heart:  
She told me her life, she was once a good wife,  
Respected and honored by all;  
Her husband had died ere they were long wed,  
And tears down her cheeks sadly fell.—*Chorus.*

# OH! UNCLE JOHN

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Words and Music by Felix McGlennon.

Maiden Ruth one day came into town, just to see her uncle dear;  
Maiden Ruth had on a girlish gown, and it made her look so queer;  
Maiden Ruth had never seen New York, not until that day, poor thing,  
As her uncle took her all around, she began to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! Uncle John, isn't it nice on Broadway;  
Oh! Uncle John, here I will remain;  
Oh! Uncle John, now that I've seen the Bowery,  
Life in the country's awful slow, and I'll never go back again.

Uncle John escorted maiden Ruth all around the town, with care—  
First he took her up to Central Park, then they went to Chatham Square;  
Strange sights maiden Ruth had witnessed from Harlem down to New York bay;  
Every one could tell what pleased her most by the way she'd say:—*Chorus.*

Uncle somehow lost her in the crowd, up and down the street he ran,  
Soon he found her happy as could be, chatting with a policeman;  
Uncle John then said to maiden Ruth, "Come along," but Ruth replied,  
"I must kiss that handsome man in blue," so she did and cried:—*Chorus.*

# What Could the Poor Girl Do?

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Words and Music by E. Alexandra.

While walking down a busy thoroughfare,  
You see a pretty girl, with golden hair,  
Tripping along, humming a song,  
As happy as the birds in the air,  
When suddenly the rain it patters down,  
You'd think the pretty darling she would drown;  
Her dress holds high to keep it dry,  
And the men stare as she toddles through the town:

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
She'd a pretty little shoe, and she liked to show it, too,  
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A pretty girl in bathing went one day,  
Dressed in a bathing suit of colors gay,  
When, like a mouse, from bathing-house,  
A thief her garments stole and ran away;  
She learned her clothes were lost, and she must roam  
The city in a costume made for foam;  
She gave a sigh, but did not cry,  
And then pluckily she started out for home.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
Through the streets she had to scoot, dressed up in a bathing suit,  
So I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

Now when a man gets married, you'll agree,  
At family work he's helpless as can be;  
His wife says, Dan, "most every man  
Assists his wife, now why don't you help me?  
The henpecked man consents, but with a scowl—  
At night he walks the floor to baby's howl,  
While mamma dear, without a fear,  
Says I'll retire, then hubby starts to growl.

CHORUS.

But what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
While the baby loudly roars, mamma goes to sleep and snores,  
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

A good ship o'er the ocean swiftly sped,  
The sun was shining brightly overhead,  
The captain and a maiden grand  
Stood on the deck, when suddenly he said:  
Now from your pretty lips I'll take a sip,  
Or else this boat has seen its final trip,  
Unless I kiss you, pretty Miss,  
All lives aboard are lost, I'll sink the ship.

CHORUS.

Now what could the poor girl do? Boys, what could the poor girl do?  
Now she's very much adored, she saved all the lives on board,  
And I couldn't blame the girl, could you?

Be sure to get the popular "Two-Step"  
**"THE CAIRO"**  
MARCH.  
FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES.



# STREETS OF CAIRO

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The words and music of this song will be sent to any address upon receipt of 40 cents.

By James Thornton.

I will sing you a song, and it won't be very long,  
'Bout a maiden sweet, and she never would do wrong;  
Ev'ry one said she was pretty, she was not long in the city,  
All alone, oh, what a pity—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,  
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy—poor little country maid.

She went out one night, did this innocent divine,  
With a nice young man, who invited her to dine.  
Now he's sorry that he met her, and he never will forget her;  
In the future he'll know better—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,  
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy—poor little country maid.

She was engaged as a picture for to pose,  
To appear each night in abbreviated clothes.  
All the dudes were in a flurry, for to catch her they did hurry;  
One who caught her now is sorry—poor little maid.

CHORUS.

She was much fairer far than Trilby—lots of more men sorry will be  
If they don't try to keep away from this poor little country maid.

# Kathleen

Copyright, 1894, by Helene Mora.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Helene Mora.

I'm in love with a charming young lady,  
Just the finest young lady on earth;  
A gem of the very first water,  
And I'm proud that she's Irish by birth;  
I met her beneath the green bower;  
I kissed her and liked it so well;  
She blushed like the fairest of flowers  
That grow in a mossy green dell.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, so fair and bright; star of eve and darkest night;  
'Mid shady laue and meadow green, I long to roam with sweet Kathleen.

Her parents they boast not of riches;  
They've a neat little farm of their own;  
Her father he digs his own potatoes,  
And they live in the County Tyrone;  
For miles round our Kathleen is famous—  
Good looks and good nature serene;  
'Tis there she is always acknowledged  
As the fairest young colleen e'er seen.—Chorus.

We are going to get married next Sunday,  
And the old folks will give us away;  
The bells in the church will be ringing,  
And the boys and the girls will be gay;  
As sure as the stars are above us,  
My Kathleen will ever be true;  
And as from the church we are coming,  
All the boys and the girls shout hurro.—Chorus.

# MY CONEY ISLAND GIRL

Copyright, 1895, by Frank Harding. All rights reserved.

The words and music of this song will be sent to any address upon receipt of 40 cents.

Written and Composed by James Thornton.

I am in love with a nice little girl, she's only sweet sixteen;  
She works down town, just near Park Row and Pearl, she's my queen;  
She has a bicycle, I've got one, too; oh, how delightful it feels;  
On Sunday morning, as daylight is dawning, taking a spin on our wheels.

CHORUS.

My Coney Island girl, she's just the sort that you'd like;  
She's got no medals, but oh, don't she look nice on a "bike";  
She dresses dainty and neat, on her forehead a Marguerite curl;  
I take a trip Sunday, and sometimes on Monday, with my Coney Island girl.

When we reach Coney the pleasure begins, meeting the girls and boys;  
Then take a ride on the big carousel, oh, what joys;  
If we don't want to ride home on a "bike," sometimes we take the last train;  
We sing every ditty that's sung in the city, but always end with this refrain:  
—Chorus.

The New York Sunday World's Great Song:

# The Band Played On

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Words by John F. Palmer. Music by Charles B. Ward.

Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the world for style,  
And hired for a meeting place a hall;  
When pay-day came around each week, they'd greased the floor with wax,  
And danced with noise and vigor at the ball;  
Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes,  
Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side;  
When Casey led the first grand march the rest would fall in line;  
Behind the man who was their joy and pride—for

CHORUS.

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,  
And the band played on;  
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored,  
And the band played on;  
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,  
The poor girl would shake with alarm;  
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls,  
And the band played on.

Such kissing in the corner and such whisp'ring in the hall,  
And telling tales of love behind the stairs;  
As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,  
Of kissing and love-making did his share;  
At twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line,  
Then march down to the dining hall and eat;  
But Casey would not join them, although every thing was fine,  
But he'd stayed up-stairs and exercise his feet—for—Chorus.

Now when the dance was over and the band played "Home, sweet home,"  
They played a tune at Casey's own request;  
He'd thank them very kindly for the favors they had shown;  
Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best;  
Most all the friends are married that Casey used to know,  
And Casey, too, has taken him a wife;  
The blonde he used to waltz and glide with on the ball-room floor,  
Is happy Miss Casey now for life—for—Chorus.

# The Little Lost Child

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A passing policeman found a little child;  
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.  
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,  
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye."  
At the station when he asked her for her name,  
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim:  
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—  
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.  
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam;  
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;  
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away."

"'Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,  
Vowed then to leave me, womanlike, you see.  
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."  
"Papa, you are crying," cried the little child.  
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide:  
"Have you seen, my darling?" an anxious mother cried.  
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face,  
All is soon forgiven, in one fond embrace.

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A Song that Touches the Tender Chords of Your Heart-Strings:  
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Chorus.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "If they'd on - ly write and ask me to come home, I'd feel as though for - give - ness they had shown, And my heart would cease its pain, I'd be hap - py once a - gain— If they'd on - ly write and ask me to come home.....". The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes, with some measures marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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At the station when he asked her for her name,  
And she answered Jennie, it made him exclaim:  
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—  
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

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For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;  
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child, away."

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**THIS IS THE CHORUS. TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.**

Chorus.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system contains the first two lines of the chorus. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final line of the chorus, which ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

"If they'd on - ly write and ask me to come home, I'd  
feel as though for - give - ness they had shown, And my heart would cease its pain, I'd be  
hap - py once a - gain— If they'd on - ly write and ask me to come home.....

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**Complete Copies of this Song can be had at all Music Stores.**

# One Girl in the World for Me

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

There's only one girl in the world that I would call my wife,  
And the girl I sing of I love dearer than my life;  
My sweetheart's age is just eighteen—she greets me with a smile,  
And when she says good evening, John, I'm thinking all the while that there is

CHORUS.

Only one girl in the world for me,  
Only one girl has my sympathy;  
She's not so very pretty, or of a high degree—  
There's only one girl in the world for me.

My sweetheart is an orphan, and I'm a factory lad,  
But if work was steady, why it would not be so bad;  
We've been engaged just one year, and last night at the gate  
She said, as tears rose in her eyes, my own true love, I'll wait. So there is—*Chorus.*

# Sweet Jennie Brown

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

I've the sweetest girl in town—sweetest name, Jennie Brown;  
I'm the envy of the lads for miles around;  
They would gladly kiss the ground where she walks, Jennie Brown,  
But she's eyes for only me, this sweet Jennie Brown;  
Twice a week she lets me come to spend the evenings at her home.  
Sunday evenings after tea she goes out to walk with me,  
Then we talk of love so sweet, as we wander down the street;  
Jealous eyes upon me stare, but I do not care.

CHORUS.

I know that she loves me, and that's enough for me;  
I love Jennie, and she says that I am her sweetheart;  
I know that she loves me, and that's enough for me;  
I am happy in the love of sweet Jennie Brown.

Smiling face, with ne'er a frown, has my love, Jennie Brown;  
Eyes so bright and lips so red, and dimples round;  
Mother thinks she's just too sweet, form so neat, tiny feet,  
Calls her daughter when they meet, my sweet Jennie Brown;  
Lately, when we take a walk, of other things than love to talk—  
Tables, carpets, china-ware, bed-room, parlor suits and chairs,  
Jennie talks of a home for three—mother, Jennie, and for me;  
Says that she my lot will share, now why should I care?—*Chorus.*

# FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS For Twenty-five Years

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Words by Fred Darcy. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

My name is O'Brien, I'm a great politician,  
I came from the evergreen sod,  
While my friend Michael Ryan,  
Whose honest position in life is to carry the hod,  
We're always a-joking, we never are croaking,  
With laughter and singing we drive away tears;  
We're always hand-shaking, and never leave-taking,  
Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.

CHORUS.

Our families both, for many a day, have lived side by side;  
The years have come and passed away, but our friendship has never died;  
We both get tight, but never fight, so we've no cause for fears—  
Michael Ryan, Pat O'Brien, friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.

We never go out unless we go together;  
We're both like the Siamese twins;  
No two better friends ever stepped in shoe leather—  
The style we possess always wins.  
The full approbation of all our great nation  
Is given to us two without doubt or sneers.  
When you find O'Brien, you'll surely find Ryan—  
Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.—*Chorus.*

# The Little Toy Drum

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

"Now, Papa," said Benny, "please tell us again  
The tale of the little toy drum Mamma keeps!"  
"Twas your uncle's," he said, "boy, who went to the war—  
In a spot far away with brave heroes he sleeps—  
On his birthday your dear mother gave it to him;  
She was proud of her gay little brother, I know;  
He put on a big one when war was declared,  
And told us, a drummer boy, with us he'd go."

CHORUS.

The little toy drum, with its ribbons and all,  
He treasured so much, years ago,  
He gave to your mother, and answered the call  
For soldiers and heroes, you know;  
She placed it away on the very same day  
That she heard he would never come back,  
And the little toy drum with her always will stay,  
That was left by your Uncle Jack.

"The rub-a-dub-dub of his drum could be heard  
Away in the front and inspiring the men,  
But one day it was silent—we found him that night,  
With the drum by his side, he would ne'er beat again;  
Your mother is sad when she thinks of his fate,  
And, although of the story she seldom will speak,  
She knows that a brave little hero was he,  
And the thought brings the blushes of pride to her cheek."—*Chorus.*

# Denied a Home

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

A poor, aged couple one day on the street  
Stood asking assistance of each one they'd meet;  
The snow it was falling, they shivered with cold—  
I thought, what a pity, so feeble and old;  
I gave them assistance, they thanked with a bow;  
I asked if they'd no one to care for them now—  
Have you no children to whom you could look?  
They answered me sadly, their old heads they shook:—*Yes—*

CHORUS.

We had two children, two bright, loving boys;  
They were our idols, our pride and our joys;  
The youngest, he left us, the wide world to roam,  
The other's a banker, denies us a home.

While hearing their story, a stranger drew nigh;  
I saw, by appearance, he'd not pass them by;  
He gazed but a moment, then cried in surprise:  
"What! father and mother?" while tears filled his eyes;  
He spoke of a brother he left years ago—  
"Oh, is he so cruel, to treat you both so?  
Now I have plenty, you'll not want in vain!"  
And still I can fancy I hear them again:—*Yes—Chorus.*

A year has rolled over since first I did meet  
The old couple begging out in the cold street;  
The son, who, in luxury, was forced to the wall,  
In wild speculations lost fortune and all.  
The old folks, in pity, they took him in, then;  
A home, too, they gave him, which he denied them;  
Now they are happy and thankful to-day.  
And yet I can hear them as on that cold day:—*Yes—Chorus.*

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Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.



1. When the moon has lit the gloom and stars be - gin to shine, .....
2. 'Neath the trees you sit at ease, your dar - ling by your side, .....
3. While Dad's asleep, the girl you meet some oth - er night as fair; .....
4. Soon a home get of your own, where you and lit tle wife.....



Whip - poor-will, from o'er the hill, his ev - 'ning song does chime, .....

'Round her waist your arm is placed, and sil - ly words are tried, .....

Down the lane you go a - gain, and love to her de - clare, .....

Live quite gay, as months pass 'way, en - joy the best of life, .....







Then you start, with hap - py heart, your dar - ling girl to see;..... Per-  
 On your breast her head does rest— of course, there's none like she;..... You  
 You ca - ress, she an - swers, "Yes," to ques - tions asked by thee;..... At  
 Aunts and cousins then come by dozens, stop for din - ner and tea,..... Don't



haps she'll wait for you at the gate, how nice that all must be.....  
 can't re - sist to steal but a kiss, how nice that all must be.....  
 last 'tis said, and you're happy made, how nice that all must be.....  
 mind at first, but when it gets worse, how nice that all must be.....



### Chorus.



You take her arm with - in your own, Down the lane to - geth - er roam, To  
 With hap - py heart your steps re - trace— As you gaze in - to her face, A  
 Then soon the hap - py day does come, Then, of course, you're both made one, And  
 Then bills they come in by the score— Doe - tors, bak - ers, ma - ny more. In-



love's re - treat, and there, a - lone, Be - neath some fa - vor - ite tree,..... You  
 smile of love you may there trace, A smile that is meant for thee,..... But  
 real - ly glad the thing is done, To that you will both a - gree,..... You  
 stead of rich, you're get - ting poor, And that you dai - ly do see;..... A

tell her she's your tur - tle-dove, Swear to her, by all a - bove, That  
 still the stars shine bright a - bove, Home - ward go - ing with your love, The  
 start to take her to her home, You know you can't get in your own, And  
 doz - en chil - dren, say, you've got, Find as you come from your shop, Your

she's the on - ly girl you love, How nice that all must be.....  
 old man wait - ing with a club, How nice that all must be.....  
 by her Dad the door you're shown, How nice that all must be.....  
 wife has skipped, left you the lot, How nice that all must be.....

*D. S.*

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# 10



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